In Memory of
my beloved little Grand-daughter
ELEANOR JANE WILSON

ÉTUDE RÉALISTE

A BABY'S FEET
A BABY'S HANDS
A BABY'S EYES

Words by
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Music by
ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Etude Réaliste.

1.
A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should Heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,—
A baby's feet!

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's unrodden brink
A baby's feet.

2.
A baby's hands, like rosebuds furl'd,
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurl'd,
A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurl'd,
They close, clench'd hard like tightening bands.

No rose-buds yet by dawn impair'd
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world,—
A baby's hands.

3.
A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,
Ere lips learn words or sighs,
Bless all things bright enough to win
A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies,
And sleep flows out and in,
Lies perfect in them Paradise.

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,
Their speech make dumb the wise,
By mute glad god-head felt within
A baby's eyes.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.
Etude Réaliste.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

Op. 27, No. 8.

Andante.

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poco rall

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Etude Realiste. 5.
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2nd Verse.
flows in all the world—A baby’s hands.
god-head felt with-

D.S.

3rd Verse.
in A ba-by’s eyes.

Etude Realiste. 5.